

Something Red (Part II)

by Victor

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>
My disclaimer from the first part is still in effect.
> For those of you awaiting the entrance of Oz, be patient.
Hopefully, this is
 making you feel like you're actually watching the show (only without all those
> nifty moving images) and you wouldn't want something to feel forced, now
 would you? Enjoy.
>
 Spike has taken a seat next to Willow on the bed and she is floating a pencil
> from her desk over to rest in her open hand.
 S:"Oh, that's fabulous."
> W:"I don't see you moving things around just by concentrating."
 S:"Alright. It's a nice parlor trick but it's useless. When are you ever gonna be
> too lazy to get up and get a pencil?"
 W:"I'll have you know that this 'parlor trick' has saved my life before."
> S:"Very well, then. What d'you do when you're sleeping?"
 She gives him a questioning look.
> S:"Have you ever woken up and found something in a different spot than
 where you left it?"
> W:"No. But I can't really move anything much bigger than pencil -- well, not by
 myself anyway -- and I don't usually dream about levitating things."
> S:"What do you dream about?"
 W:"Lots of things. My favorite, though, is where I do this spell that lets me
> breathe under water and talk to the dolphins and the whales."
 S:"How very Greenpeace of you."
> W:"Shush. Do I make fun of your dreams?"
 S:"You don't even know what I dream about."
> W:"Not exactly, no. But I can guess."
 S:"Oh, really? Well have a go, then. Tell me my dreams."

> W: "You probably dream about killing. Some torturing. The general destruction
> of things you don't like."
> S: "I am genuinely hurt by that superficial analysis. Is that really all you think
> I am?"
> W: "Well. I don't know that I've completely formed an opinion, but there's not
> much evidence to the contrary. Even you can see that."
> S: "That's my point. There's no evidence to the contrary."
W: "Okay. There's evidence that I'm confused..."
> S: "I kill and torture and destroy -- at least I used to -- and I liked it, but
> we're talkin' about dreams. I don't bother dreamin' about what I can already
> do. That's like dreamin' that you wake up, get dressed, and go about you're
> normal routine."
> W: "Ooh! You have that dream too?"
Spike cocks an eyebrow.
> W: "Sorry."
S: "I dream about being able to stand in the sunlight. I dream about having
> friends instead of lackeys. I dream about..."
W: "What? You dream about what? Kittens? Peace among humans and
> vampires?"
S: "I dream about Drusilla."
> W: "Oh."
S: "I see us doing things together in the past. Things that made us delirious
> with happiness. Those are the good ones. The bad ones are when I see us in a
> future that'll never happen. Doing things that'll never get done."
> W: "You don't know that. You could find her...again. Or maybe she'd come
> looking for you."
> S: "Yeah, that'd put me in a fine spot, now wouldn't it? This is worse than
> when I was in that bloody wheelchair. At least then I had a good excuse for
> being helpless. Now all I'd be good for is giving her a right good laugh before
> she walked away again. Thanks, but no thanks."
> W: "Do you really think she would laugh at you?"
S: "No. She wouldn't care enough to laugh. She wouldn't even give me a second
> thought. That's the rub, isn't it? As messed up as she is, she'd know that I'd
> take anything she gave, so she'd give nothing. And why should she? I don't
> even care about myself anymore, why should anybody else?"
W: "I care." She leans in to kiss him and he doesn't back away, but before

> they make contact, the phone rings.
S: "I hear bells."
> Willow, obviously exasperated, gets up and answers it. "Hello? Oh, hi Buffy.
> Is everything okay? No, we're fine...I mean, he's fine...I mean I'm...you know
> what I mean. Now? No, let's wait. Okay. Okay. See you tonight." She hangs up
> the receiver, but doesn't turn around. Spike gets up and goes to stand behind
> her.
W: "That was Buffy. She wanted to know if we...were okay. She also asked if I
> wanted to take you back to Giles', but I said no. I figure we can go back
> tonight because a blanket covered smoking person running through the streets
> might raise a few eyebrows."
S: "Why?"
> W: "Well, it's not something people see every day. Not even Sunnydale people."
S: "Why d'you care? Why'd you try and kiss me?"

> She turns to face him. "Okay, I may be in the minority here, and okay, I'm
> overly sensitive sometimes and that may cloud my judgement, but I don't think
> you're all that bad. Now."
S: "You didn't think that a few weeks

ago."

> W:"No, but you didn't think you'd be where you are a few weeks ago, either.
 We've both changed recently and neither of us wanted to but we did and now

> here we are. Who knows what's going to happen in the next few weeks?
 Nobody. And so what if Buffy and Xander don't really like you? I like you.

> And I don't want to sit here missing opportunities because life's too short for
 that."

> S:"Mine's not."
 W:"Work with me here. I'm old enough to make up my own mind and Xander

> and Buffy are good enough friends to stand by me if I make a few bad
 choices."

> S:"So liking me is a bad choice, is that it?"
 W:"No. Yes.

Maybe. I don't know. But I'm not opposed to finding out. Why

> listen to everybody else when I can see for myself?"
 S:"Well, before your quest for knowledge gets underway, d'you want to

> consider how I feel about being taken along?"
 Willow hangs her head and stares at her shoes as Spike turns the desk chair

> around backwards and takes a seat.
 S:"There's a lot I can't do anymore, but my eyes are still spot on. I can see

> what you're doin' even if you can't."
 W:"I'm making a choice based on all the information I have at my disposal?"

> S:"You're makin' me out to be the rebound guy."
 W:"I am not. I'm just being sympathetic to your situation and in the process of

> that I'm deciding that you're an okay person."
 S:"No. In the process of that, you're deciding that I'm here whereas Wolfy is

> not."
 W:"Don't call him that."

> S:"Fine. You're just trying to replace Oz with me. And the flattery I feel from
 that? Don't even get me started."

> W:"Shut up. I'm an idiot, okay? I get it."
 S:"No you don't. I am flattered. You know why? Because I know you do care.

> And for some bloody reason I've yet to put my finger on, you're makin' me
 care. Part of me is rather pissed at that, too, I might add. I was perfectly

> happy alone in my miserable pit of despair until you and you're 'Aww isn't he
 cute' mentality crept in and set up shop. So now I'm pretty much stuck with the

> realization that I don't mind the company."
 W:"So this means...?"

> S:"This means we're goin' on a date. Tomorrow night. Wear something
 smashing."

> Willow smiles.
 S:"You know, Red, I miss the days when people were actually scared of

> vampires."

End
file.